THE MUSES' BOWER.

"Much yet remains unsung."

The following beautiful lines possessing the true vein of poetry and the imagery of a gorgeous imagination, are from the young gentleman who gained the prize for the poetic address at the opening of the Franklin Theatre of N. York. We had not heard of him for a long time, and are glad to see that his genius is gathering new laurels amidst the rich scenery of the west, teeming with all that is grand and picturesque in nature.

From the Cincinnati Republican.

ADDRESS TO SPRING.

BY E. A. M'LAUGHLIN.

Queen of the verdant hill, and flowery vale,
The leaf-clad forest, and the balmy gale,
Where dost thou stay so long!
Queen of the sylvan bower where jasmine twines,
When rosy morn in soft-eyed splendor shines,
Where is thy Pan—and hark! where is his song!

Oh, 'tis not heard within this forest glade;
He turns his rural pipe beneath the shade,
Where woodbine wreathes along
Where branching boughs with graceful foliage bend
And plumed choirs in varied chorus blend
Strains of wild melody, to mock his song.

Hope whispers wistfully—"not far away"—
Yet trembles, fearful of a long delay
Or e'er thy train is seen;
For frowning winter shows him loth to go,
And ever and anon, with sleety snow
Obscures thy favorite carpet's teeming green.

Haste, gentle Queen, in Eden's pristine bloom,
Sweet harbinger of love and beauty, come,
On the mild west winds borne:
'Tis time the early lark essays his wings,
And from his yellow plumes the dew-drop flings,
To mount the azure sky and wake the morn.

'Tis time the embryo blossom deck'd the trees
With honeyed cups, that tempt the humble bees
Forth to the fragrant vale.
Languish the humming-birds, at early hour
To sip the dewy sweets from flower to flower,
And sport their tuneful pinions on the gale.

O'er hill and dale, from morn till noon I stray
From noon till eve still wend the mazy way,
The leafless trees between:
No purple violet meets my searching eye,
And where the moss crown'd rivulet murmurs by,
The cowslip, fairy flower, is not seen.

Nature, for shame! is naked, charming Queen;
She blushes for her robe of velvet green,
And tints of heavenly hue;
Then cast thy mantle round the fair forlorn,
Let vernal blossoms the trembling nymph adorn,
And wreathe her bosom with the pearly dew.

Let tuneful Pan the sylvan boys advance,
"Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,"
To lead their Queen's bright way—
Again the halcyon days of joy shall be,
Loved rural walks, and rural minstrelsy,

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Lively and gossipping;
Stored with the treasures of the tattling world,
And with a spice of mirth too."

A HIT AT THE TIMES.

The following capital sketch is full of point, *biquancy*, and sly humor, and is one of the cleverest hits at the times that we have seen for many a day. The writer aimed his arrows with great skill, and struck the target directly in the centre. We copy it from a late number of the New York Mirror:

Valuable Water Privileges.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

How much real comfort every one might enjoy, if he could be contented with the lot in which heaven has cast him, and how much trouble would be avoided if people would only "let well alone." A moderate independence, quietly and honestly procured, is certainly every way preferable even to immense possessions achieved by the wear and tear of mind and body so necessary to procure them.—Yet there are few individuals, let them be doing ever so well in the world, who are not always straining every nerve to do better, and this is one of the many causes why failures in business so frequently occur among us. The present generation seem unwilling to 'realize' by slow and sure degrees; but choose rather to set their hopes upon a single cast, which either makes or mars them forever!

Gentle reader do you remember Monsieur Poopoo? He used to keep a small toy-store in Chatham, near the corner of Pearl st, You must recollect him, of course. He lived there for many years, and was one of the most polite and accommodating of shopkeepers. When a juvenile, you have bought tops and marbles of him a thousand times. To be sure you have; and seen his vinegar vissage lightened up with a smile as you paid him the coppers, and you have laughed at his straight little queue and his dimity breeches, and all the other oddities that made up the every day apparel of my little Frenchman. Ah, I perceive you recollect him now.

Well, then, there lived Monsieur Poopoo ever since he came from "dear, delighted Paris," as he used to call the city of his nativity, there he took in the pennies for his kickshaws—there he laid aside five thousand dollars against a rainy day—there he was as happy as a lark—and there, in all human probability, he would have been to this very day, a respected and substantial citizen had he been willing to "let well alone." But Monsieur Poopoo had heard stories about the prodigious rise in real estate, and having understood that most of his neighbors had become suddenly rich by speculating in lots, he instantly became dissatisfied with his own lot, forthwith determined to shut up shop, turn every thing into cash, and set about making money in earnest. No sooner said than done; and our quondam storekeeper a few days afterwards attended a most extensive sale of real estate, at the Merchants' Exchange.

There was the auctioneer, with his beautiful and inviting lithographic maps—all the lots as smooth and square and enticingly laid out as possible—and there were the speculators—and there in the midst of them, stood Monsieur Poopoo.

"Here they are gentlemen," said he of the hammer, 'the most valuable ever offered for sale. Give me a bid for them!'

'One hundred each,' said a bystander.

'One hundred!' said the auctioneer, 'scarcely enough to pay for the maps.—One hundred—going—fifty—gone! Mr. B. they are yours. A noble purchase.—You'll sell those same lots in less than a fortnight for fifty thousand dollars profit!'

Monsieur Poopoo pricked up his ears at this; and was lost in astonishment. This was a much easier way of accumulating riches than selling toys in Chatham st., and he determined to buy and mend his fortune without delay.

The Auctioneer proceeded in his sale.—Other parcels were offered and disposed of, and all the purchasers were promised immense advantages for their enterprise. At last came a more valuable parcel than all the rest. The company pressed around the stand, and Monsieur Poopoo did the same.

"I now offer you gentlemen, these magnificent lots, delightfully situated on Long-Island, with valuable water privileges. Property in fee; title unexceptionable; terms of sale, cash; deeds ready for delivery, immediately after the sale. How much?' The auctioneer looked around; there were no bidders. At last he caught the eye of Monsieur Poopoo.—'Did you say one hundred, sir!' Beautiful lots; valuable water privileges; shall I say one hundred for you?'

"*Oui Monsieur*; I will give you von hundred dollar a piece, for de lot with the valuable vatare privalege; *c'est ca.*'

'Only one hundred a piece for these sixty valuable lots; only one hundred—going, going, going, gone!'

Monsieur Poopoo was the fortunate purchaser. The auctioneer congratulated him—the sale closed—and the company dispersed.

'*Pardonnez moi Monsieur*, said Poopoo, as the auctioneer descended the pedestal, 'you shall *excusez moi*, if I shall go to *votre bereau*, your counting house, ver quick to make every ting sare with respect to de lot vid de valuarble vatare privilege. Von leetle bird in de hand be vorth two in de tree *c'est vrai*—eh!'

Vell den, *allons*.'

And the gentlemen repaired to the counting-house, where the six thousand dollars were paid, and the deeds of the property delivered. Monsieur Poopoo put these carefully into his pocket, and as he was about taking his leave, the auctioneer made him a present of the lithographic outline of the lots, which was a very liberal thing on his part, considering the map was a beautiful specimen of that glorious art. Poopoo could not admire it sufficiently. There were his sixty lots, as uniform as possible, and his little gray eyes sparkled like diamonds as they wandered from one end of the spacious sheet to the other.

Poopoo's heart was as light as a feather and he snapped his fingers in the very wantonness of joy as he repaired to Delmonico's, and ordered the first good French dinner that had gladdened his senses since his arrival in America.

After having discussed his repast, and washed it down with a bottle of choice old claret, he resolved upon a visit to Long Island to view his purchase. He consequently immediately hired a horse and gig, crossed the Brooklyn Ferry, and drove along the margin of the river to the Wallabout, the location in question.

Our friend, however, was not a little perplexed to find his property. Every thing on the map was as fair and even as possible, while all the grounds about him were as undulated as they could well be imagined, and there was an arm of the East River running quite into the land, which seemed to have no business there. This puzzled the Frenchman exceedingly; and, being a stranger in those parts, he called to a farmer in an adjacent field.

"*Mon ami*, you acquaint vid dis part of the country—eh?'

'Yes, I was born here, and know every inch of it.'

'*Ah, c'est bien* dat will do,' and the Frenchman got out of the gig, tied the horse, and produced his lithographic map.

'Den may be you vill have the kindness to show me de sixty lot vich I have bought vid the valuarble vatare privilege?'

The farmer glanced his eye over the paper.

'Yes sir, with pleasure: if you will be good enough to get into my boat I will row you out to them?'

'Vat you say, sare?'

'My friend said the farmer, 'this section of Long Island has recently been bought up by the speculators of New York, and laid out for a great city; but the principal street is only visible at low tide. When this part of the East River is filled up, it will be just there. Your lots, as you will perceive, are beyond it; and are now all under water.'

At first the Frenchman was incredulous. He could not believe his senses.—As the facts, however, gradually broke upon him, he looked at the sky—the river—the farmer—and then he turned away and gazed at them all over again! There was his ground, sure enough; but then it could not be perceived, for there was a river flowing over it! He drew a box from his waistcoat pocket, opened it, with an emphatic knock upon the lid, took a pinch of snuff and restored it to his waistcoat pocket as before. Poopoo was evidently in trouble, having "thoughts which often lie too deep for tears," and, as his grief was also too big for words, he untied his horse, jumped into the gig, and returned to the auctioneer in all possible haste.

It was near night when he arrived at the auction room—his horse in a foam and himself in a fury. The auctioneer was leaning back in his chair, with his legs stuck out of a low window, quietly smoking a cigar after the labors of the day, and humming the music from the last new opera.

'Monsieur, I have much plaisair to find you, *chez vous*, at home.'

'Ah, Poopoo! glad to see you Take a seat old boy.'

'But I shall not take de seat, sare.'

'No—why what's the matter?'

'On, *beaucomp* de matter. I have been to see de gran lot vot you sell me to day.'

'Well, sir I hope you like your purchase?

'No, monsieur, but I do not like it at all.'

'I'm sorry for it! but there is no ground for your complaint.'

'No, sare; dare is no ground at all—de ground is all vatare.'

'You joke.'

'I do not joke. I nevar joke; *jen entends pass raillerie.*' Vare *voulez vouz* have de kindness to give me back de money vot I pay!'

'Certainly not.'

'Den vill you be so good as to take de East river off de top of my lot?'

'That's your business, sir, not mine.'

'Den I make von *mauvaise affaire*—von gran mistake!'

'I hope not. I don't think you have thrown away your money in the *land*.'

'No, sare; but I have throw it all away in de *rivare*.'

'That's not my fault.'

'Yes, sare, but it is your fault. You're von ver gran rascal to swindle me out of *de'largent*.'

'Hollo, old Poopoo, you grow personal; and if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, you must *go* out of my office.'

'Vare shall I go to, *feh*?'

'To the devil, for aught I care, you foolish old Frenchman!' said the auctioneer, waxing warm.

'But sare, I vill not go to the devil to oblige you!' replied the Frenchman, waxing warm in turn, 'but I will not go de devil for all dat. I vis you may go to devil yourself, you dam yankee doodell, and I vill go and drown myself, *tout de suite*, right away.

'You could'nt make a better use of your water privileges, old boy!'

'Ah, *miscricorde!* Ah, *mon dieu! Ie suis abime.* I am ruin! I am done up! I am break all into ten sousan leetle pieces! I am von lame duck, and I shall vaddle across de gran ocean for Paris, vish is the only valuable vatare privilege that is left me *a present*.

Poor Poopoo was as good as his word. He sailed in the next packet, and arrived in Paris almost as pennyless as the day he left it.

Should any feel disposed to doubt the veritable circumstances here recorded, let him cross the East river to the Wallabout, and farmer J—— will *row him out* to the very place where the poor Frenchman's lots still remain *under water*.

GLEANINGS.

A good author should have the *style* and courage of a captain, the integrity of a dying man, and so much sense and ingenuity, as to impose nothing, either weak or needless, on the world.

The best of authors are not without their faults, and if they were, the world would not entertain them as they deserve. Perfection is often called for, but nobody would bear it. The only perfect man that ever appeared in the world was crucified.

The man whose book is filled with quotations, may be said to creep along the shore of authors, as if he were afraid to trust himself to the free compass of reasoning. Others defend such authors by a different allusion, and ask whether honey is the worse for being gathered from many flowers?

A few choice books make the best library; a multitude will confound us, whereas a moderate number will assist and please. Masters of great libraries are too commonly like book-sellers, acquainted with little else than the titles.

He that always praises me is undoubtedly a flatterer; but he that sometimes praises and sometimes reproves me, is probably my best friend—for he speaks his mind.

Men are too apt to promise according to their *hopes*, and perform according to their *fears*.

All the wisdom in the world will do little, while a man wants presence of mind. He cannot fence well that is not on his guard. Archimides lost his life by being too busy to give an answer.

To reform others perfectly is as impossible as it is vain. What have we to do then, but to despise all little capricious humours, and to amend ourselves?

THE MORALIST.

Ingratitude towards the Deity.

Perhaps there is no crime which finds fewer advocates than ingratitude. Persons accused of this may deny the charge, but they never attempt to justify the disposition. They never say that there is no obliquity and demerit in being unmindful of benefits. If a moral fitness is discernible on any occasion, it is so on an occasion of favors bestowed and received. In proportion to these favors is the degree of demerit attached to ingratitude. Agreeably to this is the sentence so often quoted from Publius Syrus, "Omne dixeris maledictum, quum ingratum hominem dixeris."

With what feelings do we receive and enjoy favors bestowed by our Creator! Our dependence on him is absolute and universal. Existence is not more truly his gift, than are all those objects, which render existence valuable. To this munificence are we indebted for intellectual powers, and the means for their cultivation; for the sustenance daily provided; for the enjoyments derived from the active and varying scenes of the day, and from the rest and tranquillity of the night. His gifts are the relations and friends, whom we love, and from whose affection to us so considerable a part of the joy of life is derived. His are the showers which moisten, and the sun which warms the earth. From Him are the pleasures and animation of spring, and the riches of harvest—all, that satisfies the appetite, supports or restores the animal system, gratifies the ear, or charms the eye. With what emotions, let it be asked, are all these objects viewed, and these blessings enjoyed! Is it the habit of man to acknowledge God in his works, and to attribute all his pleasures and security of life to the Creator's munificence? Possession and prosperity are enjoyed not as a gift to the undeserving, but as the result of chance or good fortune, or as the merited reward of our own prudence and effort. Were gratitude a trait in the human character, it would be proportionate to obligation, and where much is received much would be acknowledged. In this the liveliest sense of obligation would be exhibited among the wealthy, and those whose prosperity had been long and uninterrupted. But do facts correspond to this supposition? Are God, his providence and bounty, most sensibly and devoutly acknowledged by you, who feel no want, and are tried by no adversity? The truth is, our sense of obligation usually diminishes in proportion to the greatness and duration of blessings bestowed. A long course of prosperity renders us the more insensible.

But on no subject is human ingratitude so remarkably apparent, as in regard to the Christian religion. I speak not of those who reject, but of those who believe Christianity, and who of course believe that "God so loved the world, as to give his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish."

What is prayer!—Prayer is not a rapture, a rapsody, a flight into the third heaven. It is not the proud ascent of the imagination into some high region of splendors and sublime attractions. It is not necessarily the ecstacy of the soul overwhelmed with a rushing tide of irresistible emotions. It is simple every day business. It is simply communing with God,—communing with him, not in the heaven among the seraphims—not in some mid region of the air, remote from the range of human business, and trials and burdens; but here on earth, just where we need his grace and help. In order to this communion, God does call us up to himself; he comes down to us—down to the level of our infirmity. Thus he makes prayer a simple thing, as the expression of a child's desires, whispered into the ear of a kind father. If you would see what prayer is, or rather what it ought to be, study the Lords prayer, that model of christian devotion. How little do we see there of sublime imagination; how little of enraptured sensibility; how little of intellectual abstraction and effort; how much of a common sense plainness, and a child-like simplicity, in matter and in manner! After this manner pray ye!

Humility.—They who in reality know much, are the most easily satisfied that they know but little. The last sentence uttered by the distinguished La Place was, "What we know is little; what we are ignorant of, is immense." Sir Isaac Newton, before his death, expressed a similar sentiment. "I do not know what I may appear to the world—but to myself I seem to have been like a boy playing on the sea shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the vast ocean of truth lay still undiscovered before me.

Virtue.—Virtue is the daughter of Heaven: happy those who cultivate it from its infancy; they pass their youth in serenity, their manhood in tranquility; and their old age without remorse. There is nothing in this world fit to be compared with it; all its wishes and desires tend to celestial enjoyments which are not liable to change. The virtuous man looks back on his past conduct without regret, because his fate cannot but be happy. His mind is the seat of cheerfulness, and his actions are the foundations of felicity; he is rich amidst poverty; and no one can deprive him of what he possesses; he is all perfection, for his life is spotless; and he has nothing to wish for, since he possesses every thing.

THE HUMORIST.

The Bitter Bit.—A person who wore a suit of homespun clothes, stepped into a house in this city, on some business, where several ladies and gentlemen were assembled in an inner room. One of the company remarked (in a low tone, though sufficiently loud to be overheard by the stranger,) that a countryman was in waiting, and agreed to make some fun; the following dialogue ensued:

"You're from the country, I suppose?"

"Yees, I'm from the country."

"Well, sir, what do you think of the city?"

"It's got a 'tarnel sight o' houses in it."

"I expect there are a great many ladies where you came from?"

"O yees, a woundy sight, jist for all the world like them there" (pointing to the ladies.)

"And you are quite a beau among them, no doubt?"

"Yees, I beau's 'em to meetin' and about."

"May be the gentleman will take a glass of wine," (said one of the company.)

"Thank'e, 'dont care if I do."

"But you must drink a toast."

"I eats toast, what Aunt Debby makes, but as to drinkin' it, I never see'd the like."

"Oh, you must drink their health."

"Wi' all my heart."

What was the surprise of the company to hear the stranger speak clearly, as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, with every other blessing this earth can afford, and advise you to bear in mind that we are often deceived by appearances. You mistook me, by my dress, for a country booby, I, from the same cause thought these men to be gentlemen; the deception is mutual,—I wish you a good evening."

Cheating Uncle Sam.—A gentleman sent a lad with a letter to the Baltimore Post Office, and money to pay the postage. When he returned he said "I guess I did the thidg slick; I see'd a good many folks puttin letters into the office through a hole, so I watched my chance, and got mine in *for nothin*.'

A Tavern Sign.—"What device shall I have upon my sign?" said a gentleman about to open a house of public entertainment, with *his bar* more fully provided than his parlour or bed-rooms.

"Put on it the picture of a *horn*, with yourself crawling out at the *little end*," said a by-stander.

Remarkable Anagram.—Pilate's question to our Saviour, "What is truth?" in the Latin vulgate stands thus—Quid est veritas? These letters transposed make, Est ver qui adest. "It is the man before thee."

"Turn out, or by golly I'll serve you as I did a man t'other day," hallooed a Jonathan who, with his gal in the lumber box, was about coming in contact with a dandy in his fine gig. The affrighted beau turned out, for he was sadly terrified at the mysterious threat, and as brother Jonathan was passing, asked how he served the other man? "Why, turned out myself."

Absence of mind.—The Memphis Enquirer relates the last noteble instance: "A gentleman bachelor falling into ecstacies with a sweet little prattler, nestling in its mother's arms, intending to kiss it fell to kissing its mother, and was only apprised of his mistake by the fist of the husband.

Awful revenge—precocious depravity.—Two boys fought out a quarrel the other day, and the bigger proved the 'best man.' "Darn ye," said [illegible] "Darn ye, if I can't lick ye, I'll make mouths at your sister."

A library having taken fire, some one expressed a hope that no *lives* were lost: "None," was the reply, "except the Lives of the Poets!"

Cautiousness.—A fellow who had ascended the platform for the purpose of being hung, told the hangman that he hoped the rope was strong enough, as if it should break and he fall to the ground, he might be so seriously injured as to become a cripple for life. His apprehensions were quieted when the hangman assured him that he might "venture upon the rope with perfect safety!"

Some years ago a crack-brained man who was slighted by the females, very modestly asked a young lady, "if she would let him spend the evening with her." "No," she angrily replied, "that's what I wont." "Why," replied he, "you need'nt be so fussy—I did'nt mean this evening, but some stormy one, when I cant go any where else."

"There is no truth in men," said a lady in company. "They are like musical instruments, which sound a variety of tones."—"In other words, madam," said a wit who chanced to be present, "you believe that all men are *lyres*."

String Beans.—A man by the name of *Beans* was lately hung in the North of England.

Agreeable Variety.—Business first and pleasure afterwards, as King Richard the Third said when he stabbed t'other King in the Tower, afore he smothered the babbies.

A Vermonter lately arrived in Detroit, and having calculated to remain here, offered his horse for sale. He took the animal up to the public stand, and after describing his qualities in the most glowing terms, concluded the recommendation by saying that "he could drive him *so far* in one day that it would take him two days to get him back again.'

Virtues of Mustard.—"Mustard, Sir," exclaimed a manufacturer thereof, whilst vindicating the virtues of that pungent article—"Mustard, Sir, acts as a diuretic, a diaphoretic, a tonic, and it is good, sir, as an emetic, great as a blister, and unspeakably grand as a cataplasm."

A Coloured Case.—It was reported of a certain citizen that he had married a black wife. One person remained an unbeliever on the subject, until he and his friend met the offender with his black spouse leaning on his arm.

What say you now? Do you believe the gentleman is guilty?'

'Truly,' returned the skeptic, "it looks very *black on his side*, I must confess.

Double Entendre.—A new-married lady who was very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his extreme ugliness of person, once said to a witty friend —"What do you think? My husband has gone and laid out fifty guineas for a large babboon on purpose to please me!'

"The dear little man!" said the other. Well *it is just like him!*"

A man being invited to go to a cock fight, declined by saying that he never liked *fowl* play.

We never yet stopped the press for want of two lines of nonsense.